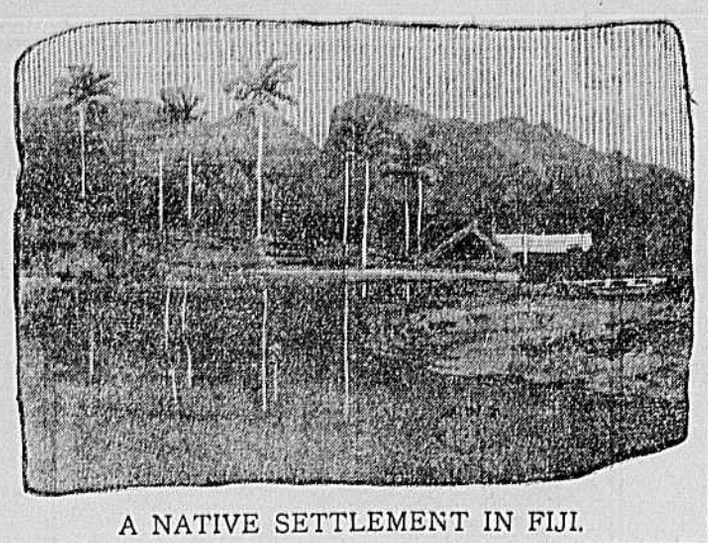
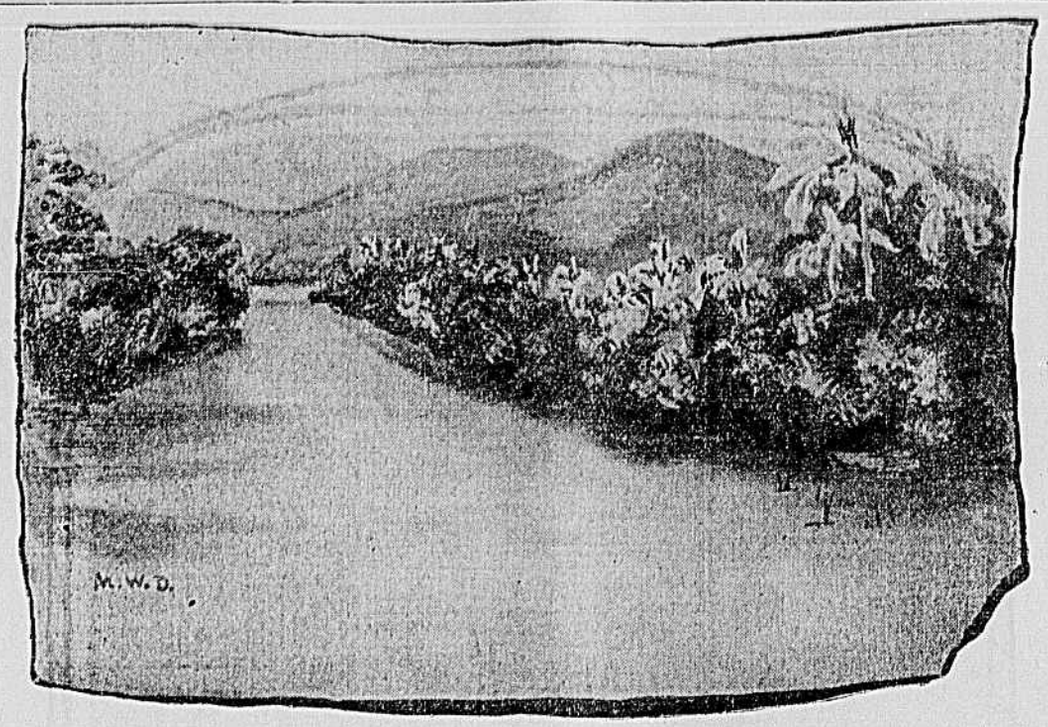
LIFE AMONG THE FIJIANS IN THE CANNIBAL ISLANDS.



A NATIVE SETTLEMENT IN FIJI.



RIVER SCENE AT KANDAVAW, FIJI.

THE HOME OF A FIJI CHIEF.

The Fiji Islands have an especial interest for the American, both in their past history, their present conditions and contiguity to the Philippines, and their future commercial value to the United States.

It was by the merest chance that the group did not some fifty years ago become a dependency or under the political control of the United States government.

When cannibalism was in vogue on these islands and both the life and property of a white man were at the hysterical mercy of those human hunters of "Kibakola," or "long pig," as they termed a white foreigner, there were very few discreet five "long pigs" who cared to run the risk of gratifying the highest desire and pleasure of the Fijian by adorning the roasting ovens at Bau and various other cooking centers. It was at this momentous and thrilling period that considerable damage was done to the property of the American consul there. Formally a heavy claim was in consequence preferred by the United States against the then leading chief, Thakambau, but which he was wholly unable to satisfy. As a means of liquidating the American claim, Thakambau, on the advice of his friends, mostly English missionaries, offered the sovereignty of the Islands to Great Britain, on condition that he retain his rank and that his debt for damage done to the American consulate was paid. As a set-off to the payment, he offered to assign over, if required, to the British government, the absolute ownership of 200,000 acres of the most valuable land in any one or more of the group of islands within his dominion.

On receipt of this offer, a special commissioner (Colonel Smythe) was sent to Fiji by the British government to make full inquiry and to report specially upon the prospective advantages and desirability of accepting the offer, more particularly with the view of utilizing certain points as naval and coaling stations, and the country generally as a possible colony for cotton growing. In the result and on Colonel Smythe's advice the offer of sovereignty was refused. Subsequently overtures were made to the United States government on somewhat the same terms, but the Americans were not to be cajoled into accepting an offer already refused by the British government. Moreover, at that time the United States had no particular interest, as now, in these far distant regions, and in addition to the great risks consequent upon accepting a nominal possession of such barbarous lands and people, they were too far from home, and at that time the Americans were fully occupied within their own country.

It so happened that the following years brought a considerable increase to the white population of the islands, cotton planting being stimulated by the American Civil War, and in the year 1868 an Australian company was formed for the purpose of taking over Thakambau's debt and with it the acceptance of the 200,000 acres of land already offered in payment thereof. But local feeling was averse to this scheme, and once more Thakambau was advised and persuaded to again repeat his offer to the British government. This time he succeeded, for on the advice of Sir Hercules Robinson, then Governor of New South Wales, sovereignty was finally accepted by the British government in October, 1874, and the United States government was thus relieved of the hazardous obligation of exercising its power in enforcing payment of its claim or of assuming any political responsibility in default.

Since then wonderful, and certainly unforeseen, if not unexpected, things have happened in the development of these islands. In turn the Fijians have been successfully civilized and Christianized by the unflagging and admirable efforts of missionaries of different creeds, from various lands; they have been persuaded to wholly abandon their cannibalistic practices, and last, but not least, they have been brought into closer touch with the whole world by the recent cable connection with the British Imperial Pacific Cable, and at no distant date they will enjoy the mutual benefits and advantages of similar cable facilities from America, about to be enjoyed by their neighbors in the Philippines, and together will provide a new commercial sphere for Americans and ultimately come within the arena of modern and progressive civilization.

Fijians as a Race.

The only stigma which the Fijians were guilty of was that they were cannibals; apart from this they are a fine and really admirable people.

Chief Thakambau (King of Bau) was a fine looking, extremely dignified and venerable gray bearded warrior, who would command attention anywhere, with his retinue of war canoes, warrior attendants and native drums. The minor chiefs, and, in fact, the Fijians generally, though savage and barbaric in appearance, are of a strangely impressive character. The dignity of these chiefs and their sense of the ridiculous is surprising—not at all what one would expect in a people very recently given over to cannibalism. All the natives, except those living in the interior mountains of Viti Leon (Big Fiji), are large, handsome and well proportioned, and of a brown copper color. Their limbs, heads, hands and feet are those of well built persons—no thin shanks or splay feet, like the African. The type of feature is not exactly like the African, although the nose is slightly flat. The hair is kinky, but long and plentiful, and treated with a lasal (coral lime) and na moli (wild soap lime), which gives it rather a golden blonde color. It is worn combed and trimmed to a uniformity, much after the Circassian beauty style. Most of the young male dandies wear it as long as possible; others have it trimmed shorter. It is becoming to them, and they certainly take care of it, even to the extent of using most uncomfortable looking head rests as pillows. These latter are of wood, like a long, low, narrow stool, carved out of a single piece of wood, or formed from some suitable branch or root.

The natives of the Yas-a-was Islands, also part of the group, are all six-footers and fine specimens. The sickly and unpromising were quietly disposed of at birth, until British annexation changed matters. The Fijian is a magnificent sailor when he wants to be, although he does not care to go beyond the confines of the group to any extent. He is independent, but courteous and friendly, and, like the peon of the Latin-Americans, he will divide what he has; as a general thing he has little—a taro or yam patch, fringed with plantains or bananas; a bread fruit tree, perhaps; his isaali, or machete, and a few fish spears, and perhaps a canoe. His wife has the fishnets and a few calabashes, gourds and carved wooden trays and vessels, which serve their needs.

Speaking generally, the Fijians are acknowledged to be exceedingly hospitable, open-handed and remarkably polite. They are very sensitive, proud, vindictive, boastful and most cleanly in their habits and in their homes. They possess good conversational powers, are witty, have much sense of humor, tact, and perception of character. Their code of moral life and etiquette is rigid, minute and elaborate, and the graduation of rank well marked.

In the Days of Cannibalism.

It is difficult to realize that the good-natured, hymn-singing natives to be met with to-day about Suva, Levuka and Vuna are the children of men who feasted their day upon "long pig" around the ovens at Bau, and at the festal grounds among the mountains of Viti-Levu and the fastnesses of weird Vanna-Leou. Yet among the survivors of the old regime there are yet to be found men who consumed their share of "Ki-bakola" at the old-time merry-making, when tribal victories were celebrated by the cooking and eating of the vanquished warriors.

Those who indulged in "long pig" declared that they did not particularly care for it as an article of food; but the custom was a national one, and consequently exhilarating, and a man always felt better in a sort of sentimental way when he had partaken of a portion of roast enemy. It was a royal sport, too, to go out skirmishing in the morning with the mixed feeling that the fortune of war left it an open question whether the warrior would be in the oven himself before sundown, or be a joyous partaker of the evening feast.

In those days the Fijian was proverbial for every kind of savage abomination. Cannibalism had degenerated from a religious sanction into a morbid craving, recklessly indulged in whenever possible. Shipwrecked or helpless strangers were nearly always killed and eaten, widows were strangled at the death of their husbands, slaves killed at the death of their masters, victims were slain in numbers at the building of a house or of a canoe, or at the visits of embassies from the tribes. The lives of individuals were always subject to the caprices of the chiefs.

Their Modern Mode of Life.

Cannibalism is now almost past history in the islands. There is to-day hardly an act of cannibalism to be heard of even in the most remote parts of any of the islands, nor scarcely a Fijian to be found who is not a convert to Christianity. The present day life of a Fijian family is interesting. Domestically they are exceptonally clean. Their cooking is done outside in a very primitive fashion. Roasted, baked or boiled yams, taro, bread fruit, plantains, and fish constitute the usual bill of fare. The Fijian does not use milk, but drinks water, and his favorite "kawa," made from the root of the yaukona plant. The intoxicating qualities of this beverage go to the lower limbs. In color it is like the Mexican pulque, and has the same medicinal properties when used as a medicine. On festal occasions the Fijian certainly spreads himself. The amount of provender required is something astonishing. When one chief visits another, it means that the whole community to be visited has to busy themselves. The entire visiting retinue, varying in size as to the importance of the chief, has to be entertained on the best. For days the young men will be out after sea turtle, the women and children, with their great seines, will restock the village fish ponds, while the old men and women will be getting together the yams, taro, bread fruit, etc., for the great lovos. These latter are holes dug in the ground and lined with hot cobble-stones. The material to be cooked is placed on these, covered with green leaves, more hot cobble-stones, a heavy layer of well trodden soil, and then left until some experienced one with a long stick pronounces the operation complete.

On a set day the visitors make their appearance in their large platformed double ended war canoes, propelled by their one immense triangular mat sail, and steered with a huge paddle from the raised platform in the center. These canoes never turn round. They simply sail end for end on a tack. They sail very close to the wind, and a very slight breeze suffices to move them. Amid the beating of the La La (native drum of wood, like a hewn out horse trough), and welcoming chants, the visitors disembark, with more ceremony, a procession to the house of honor, and after a seasonable interval, feasting begins, lasting several days, and having on the varied programme most interesting war and other dances by both the visitor and the visited. The historical and allegorical chants used on these occasions are by very old men, who are the historians in song of the various tribes, others before them having handed on to them the accumulated records and legends of the past. The chants are in a dead language to nearly all, and only used by the old men and patriarchs. In due season the guests depart, after a great interchange of presents, and later on will be visited themselves.

Within recent years the inhabitants of these strange isles are devoting themselves to quite a different and civilized mode of living. They occupy themselves largely in agricultural pursuits, in the development of which they are rapidly importing machinery, hardware, implements, coal, breadstuffs, meats and other edibles and clothing. At present most of the trade is carried on with New South Wales, New Zealand and Victoria.

How the Fijians Dress.

Usually the women wear a fringed band or apron made of the fibre of the paper-mulberry, which is tied on the right side and is sometimes long enough to form a train. A good many women wear sulus, (loin cloths) of English goods, and cover their busts with a short sleeved, short bodied dress of the same fabric. This sulu is from six to nine feet in length and a yard wide. It goes round the waist and reaches down to the calf of the leg.

Some men also wear sulus, but the majority cover their loins with a sort of sash, made from the mulberry-paper, white, brown or figured.

The native house is of various forms—some are built upon posts and are of great size, occasionally 100 feet long and 40 feet wide, thatched with loose grass and without windows. The initial frame-work is inclosed with cane, arranged in various patterns, known as timbi timbi, and is the long blades of the sugar cane, plucked with the dew on it. The floors are raised 2 to 3 feet from the ground, and then covered with a good bedding of dry leaves and several layers of mats.

Social Life Among the Natives.

The family is the unit of political society. The families are grouped into townships or otherwise under the lesser chiefs, who in turn owe allegiance to the supreme chief of the Matanitu, or tribe.

The chiefs are a real aristocracy, excelling the people in physique, skill, intellect and accomplishments of all sorts. The great reverence at one time felt for them is now, however, rapidly diminishing.

A peculiar form of socialism exists on these islands among natives—called Kerekere—under which he who has is obliged to give to him who has not. All that a man has is really considered as belonging to his chief—on the other hand, the chief's property belongs to the people, and they are as ready to give as to take. In a time of famine a chief will declare the contents of the plantation to be common property—of late this principal has somewhat degenerated. The lazy are apt to live upon the industrious, and there is, therefore, not much inducement to accumulate property.

Another custom peculiar to these people is Solevu, which enables one district in want of any particular article to call on its neighbor to supply it, giving labor or something else in return.

There is also a system of feudal service (tere) extant there known as LaLa, on which the social and political fabric of Fijian life mainly depends. It allows the chief to call for the labor of any district and to employ it in planting, house or canoe building, supplying food on the occasion of another chief's visit and other reasons and events.

Local Government in Fiji.

The political unit is the village—in every one of these is found a local chief, practically hereditary, but nominally appointed by the District Council. He is assisted by a Council of Elders and certain executive officers, a magistrate (frequently the chief's brother), one or more constables (to carry out his decisions), a town crier (a hereditary and important officer) and a garden overseer.

An uncertain number of villages—sometimes few, sometimes many—are grouped together under a superior officer—the Enti—of the district, who once a month assembles all his town chiefs and discourses them in the Bose ni Sikina, or District Council, on the affairs of the district. In a similar manner the Buli districts are grouped under the headship of a greater chief—the Roko Tui—of whom there are 12, and each of whom twice a year assembles the Bulis of his province in the Bose Vaka Tasana, or Provincial Council, where the local affairs of the province are discussed and settled, by which local rates are imposed and to which each Buli makes a detailed report of the condition of his own district.

The whole group is greater than that of all the West India Islands put together—altogether the islands, including islets, number about 250 and have a total area of 7,500 square miles—but only 10 of these are inhabited.

The two largest islands are Viti Levu, with an area of 4,000 square miles, and Vanna Levu, containing about 2,500 square miles. Kandavau is 124 square miles, Chalau 43 square miles and Lavuka is an exceedingly picturesque and interesting place. The total population is estimated at 122,000; of these 105,000 are natives, 2,000 Europeans and the remainder comprise half-breeds and foreigners. Since 1882 the capital of the colony has been transferred to Suva, on the south coast of Vati Levu, where there is a fine harbor. The former capital, Levuka, was on the little island of Obalau.

Attractions and Value of Islands.

The country is mountainous and in the southeast densely covered with forests of large and valuable trees. The soil is rich and well watered; for there are thousands of affluents running into the main rivers, of which there are many; some of the largest rivers being navagable for small steamers and flat bottomed punts and the whole group is notable for having fine roadsteads and harbors. The interior generally is of an undulating character, with everywhere hill and valley, peak and precipice, assuming the most romantic form, and clothed almost always with a beautiful and luxuriant vegetation. Peaks rise from 4,000 to 5,000 feet and are surrounded by meandering rivers of exceptionable picturesqueness.

The climate is rather enervating between November and April, but not unhealthy and fevers are hardly known there.

Up to the present, the Fiji Islands remain practically undeveloped and the inhabitants devote themselves almost entirely to the cultivation of the soil. Dr. Finucane, a British official of authority and eminence and long resident in the country, recently reported that iron ore was to be found there in considerable quantities, besides silver chloride, antimony and manganese. The mineral wealth is as yet unknown and Dr. Finucane stated that there is strong reason for believing that in the near future payable gold will be discovered in quantities, as well as large coal deposits, especially in Viti Levu.

So far there are no railways, no electricity, nor a telegraphic system in the islands. The only mode of internal communication is a bi-weekly overland mail, along bridle tracks, over the large islands, a few of which only have macadamized roads. There is an existing mail service with Sydney about once a fortnight and with Aukland (New Zealand) once a month. The distance to these islands from San Francisco is 4,700 miles, from Sydney (New South Wales) 1,700 miles and from Aukland about 1,600 miles; but by the recently introduced cable system, they are within communication of the whole world within five minutes.

J. W. DAVIES.

An Hour With New Books

GORDON KEITH. Written by Thomas Nelson Page. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, of New York. For sale by the Bell Book and Stationery Company, of Richmond. Price, $1.50.

Dr. Page's new book is his most ambitious effort since the publication of "Red Rock." It is well illustrated by George Wright. The period of time reverted to is that lying between the years of 1850 and 1880. The scene of events described is partly in Virginia, partly in England and partly in New York. The political element, except by implication, has nothing to do with the motif of the story, which is a graphic and accurate picture of social and business life in Virginia during post-bellum days.

Dr. Page possesses an unusual grace as a modern author in common with such of his contemporaries as Winston Churchill, Henry Harland and Henry Seton Merriman. He can describe beautiful, vigorous, yet tender old age. General Keith, a prominent personage in his book, the father of his hero, Gordon Keith, is a delineation of which any man should be proud, a character portrait which any reader should be glad to study, and study with profit. General Keith is introduced by Dr. Page as "a gentleman of the old kind, a type so old-fashioned that it is hardly accepted in these days as having existed. He knew the past and lived in it; the present he did not understand, and the future he did not know. After war had swept like a vast inundation over the land, burying almost everything it had not borne away, General Keith still survived, unchanged, unmoved, unmarred, an antique memorial of the life of which he was a relic. His one standard was that of a gentleman."

From the first to the last page Dr. Page has preserved consistency in his portraiture of General Keith. When his son had grown into manhood the General went to visit him in New York. There "everything astonished him. He saw the world with the eyes of a child. The streets, the crowds, the shop windows, the shimmering stream of carriages that rolled up and down the avenue, the elevated railways which had just been constructed, each was a marvel to him."

"Where do these people get their wealth?" he asked.

"Some of them get it from rural gentlemen who visit the town," said Gordon, laughing.

"The old fellow smiled. 'I suspect a good many of them get it from us countrymen. In fact, at the last, we furnish it all. It all comes out of the ground.'"

"It is a pity that we did not hold on to some of it," said Gordon.

"The old gentleman glanced at him. 'I do not want any of it. My son, Agar's standard was the best: 'Neither poverty nor riches.' Riches cannot make a gentleman.'"

"Keith laughed and called him old-fashioned, but he knew in his heart that his father was right."

It can be well understood that the author who could create "General Keith" would know what manner of man his son should be. Consequently Gordon Keith is a fine, vigorous, manly specimen; clean-minded, honorable, upright and chivalrous. The best thing about him is that he acknowledges his father's teaching and remains true to it. When the supreme test of his life comes and he finds himself at "the parting of the ways, he is angry with himself to find, also, that he is thinking of success merely as wealth, where he had once thought of honor, achievement, even duty." That he returns to his better and truer self is because, as he says, "I am inspired by a better and finer gentleman than I can ever hope to be—my father."

Other characters in the book, old Rawson, the sturdy mountaineer; Ferdy Wickersham, Norman Wentworth, Dr. Balsam and the feminine delineations—Lois Huntington, Alice Yorke and her mother, Mrs. Norman Wentworth, Mrs. Nallor and Mrs. Creamer—all are differentiated and individualized in harmony with the requirements of the story and the environment of the people.

When, in the end, the success of Gordon Keith's life has been crowned with the blessing of a good woman's love, it seems, because father and son have been such confidants, the most natural thing for him first of all to pour out his heart to General Keith in telling him that Lois Huntington has promised to be his wife, on condition that the General must share the new home to be made for him by his son and daughter.

"For answer, the old gentleman quoted, in regard to his son's sweetheart: 'In her tongue is the law of kindness.' 'God bless you both. 'Her price is far above rubies.' And after a pause he added gently, I hope your mother knows of this. I think she must; she seems so close to me to-day."

Gordon Keith, as a whole, is a splendid conception and execution. In many ways it shows the finest work which Dr. Page has yet done. It cannot fail to add greatly to his fame as a man of letters and a maker of the finest type of fiction.

AT THE TIME APPOINTED. Written by A. Maynard Barbour. Published by J. B. Lippencott Company, of Philadelphia. For sale by Bell Book and Stationery Company, Richmond. Price $1.50.

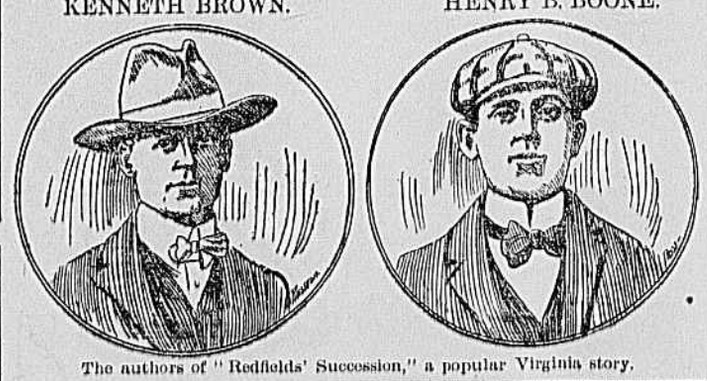
The author of "That Mainwairing Affair" has an agreeable hold upon the imagination of the reading public, inclining them favorably to his spring book, which he has named "At the Time Appointed."

The story in this latter volume begins with a tragedy, the consequences of which color the lives and affect the happiness of nearly all the characters in the book. The scene shifts from west to east, but reverts to the west by preference. The dramatis personae are cleverly sketched in and invested with manliness and intelligence on behalf of the male characters, and with much womanly attractiveness in so far as the heroine and lesser feminine lights are concerned.

The plot of the story is somewhat complicated from the fact that "John Darrell," the central figure, suffers from a loss of memory, which renders that part of his life, preceding a severe nervous shock and a spell of illness, a blank to him. The uncertainties in which all things are involved for him—his business, his love affairs and the trend of his natural hopes and ambitions—render his happiest moments clouded with an anxiety that he cannot shake off.

In the end matters right themselves. A man named Walcott, the villain of the book, which has a detective flavor in its development, is properly unmasked. Justice dogs his footsteps and finally hunts him down to mete out for him the portion which he has so often dealt to others. John Darrell recovers his memory and is the connecting link in bringing together his mother and father, separated by the cruel force of circumstances years before.

Best of all, the lovers in the book are made happy, and find themselves only the more appreciative of the gifts with which the gods have dowered them, because they have stood the test of years and the stress of adverse fate, proving the truth with which their author starts out that: 'Greater are they who on life's battlefield With unseen foes and fierce temptations fight."



KENNETH BROWN. HENRY B. BOONE.

The authors of "Redfields' Succession," a popular Virginia story.

THE BLACK LION INN. Written by Alfred Henry Lewis. Published by R. H. Russell, of New York. For sale by the Bell Book and Stationery Company, of Richmond. Price $1.50.

Mr. Lewis, who has come to be recognized as one of the foremost American humorists and raconteurs, has added to his "Wolfville" and "Wolfville Days" another choice collection which he has published under the title of "The Black Lion Inn."

Frederic Remington has drawn the unusually fine illustrations for the book, and the "Inn," where a company of travelers, snowbound, of varying degrees and stations in life, yet held for the time by the tie of good-fellowship, which such propinquity ofttimes develops, cheat time of its dullness by telling a series of stories, each evening as the circle is drawn beside the blazing fire, as the pipes are lit after the evening meal.

The wide range of the stories and their varying characteristics bring out the splendid versatility of the writer. He runs the gamut from "grave to gay, from lively to severe," and never a false note is struck, each story-teller maintaining easily and naturally the peculiar vernacular of the ranchman, the half-breed or falling into the more familiar intonations of the American man of business.

One special feature of these stories is the Indian folk-lore contained in the ones of which "Sioux Sam" is the author. The folk-lore of all peoples has an element that never fails to enlist sympathy and engage attention. The lore of the American Indian is beautiful, and is as yet like a manuscript with many blank pages. But Mr. Lewis has written on some of them what he knows about "Moh-Kwa, the Wise Bear," and the "Great Rattlesnake's" widow, who lay beside "Moh-Kwa's" fireside and hastened to do his bidding, and those who have read these pages hope that in time to come others will be filled and the tale made complete.

One of the finest of the twenty-seven stories told at the "Black Lion Inn" is that which informs the reader how "Jim Britt Passed His Bill." The picture of Jim Britt, with his shaggy beard and his sombrero, does any amount of credit to his author's powers of delineation and the clever interpretation of those powers by the artist.

THE UNDER DOG. Written by F. Hopkinson Smith. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, of New York. For sale by the Bell Book and Stationery Company, of Richmond.

"The Under Dog" gets its title in a way which the author explains when he says: "In the strife of life some men lose place through physical weakness or lost opportunities or impaired abilities; struggle on as they may, they must always be the 'Under Dog' in the fight.

"These under dogs—grave and gay—have always appealed to me. Their stories are printed here in the hope that they may appeal to you."

Several of Mr. Smith's stories have to do with the Kentucky mountaineers, and the way in which the strong arm of the United States Government swoops down on them for the illicit manufacture and sale of corn whiskey. The mountaineer evidently is, in Mr. Smith's opinion, an "Under Dog" to be pitied. The vivid picture, he draws of the jailing and hardships of an unfortunate as well as unprincipled class of citizens, who cannot be brought to see their wrongdoing, makes a lasting impression on the minds of those to whom he addresses himself.

CRIME AND ITS CAUSES.

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

CRIME IS practically as old as the human race itself. Like the poor, the criminals are always with us, and they are likely to remain with us for a good long time to come.

But the prospect is not quite so hopeless as it used to be.

About a hundred years ago there began to be formulated the theories which were to receive their practical demonstration in the labors of such men as Darwin, Spencer and Huxley, and to be known to the world as "evolution."

The first blush of the thought born of the evolutionary idea was decidedly materialistic, and it was for a long time fashionable to talk very loudly about a something or other in the blood called "heredity."

It was in the blood that one man was good and another bad. Men were born to be saints or devils, and against the birthmark it was folly to contend.

But those who understand the latest thought will not need to be told that there is a strong reaction against the one-time almost universal belief in blood.

The heredity dogma is losing caste. It is not held in half the respect that it once was.

A government publication on "The Criminal, Pauper and Defective Classes," by Arthur MacDonald, specialist in the United States Bureau of Education, is full of good cheer and joy for all who love their fellow men and hope for a purer and nobler human society.

The publication in question shows that crime is mostly due to surroundings, and not to the unchangeable hereditary tendency.

This being so, there is hope, for it is much easier to change the surroundings of a child than to change its nature.

It appears, then, that fully nine-tenths of the criminals in the land are such "from occasion."

That is to say, their crime is due mainly to bad social conditions, to an unwholesome environment.

Among the chief causes of crime may be mentioned the following: Criminal parentage. Neglect on the part of parents. Poverty. Evil association. The rum shop.

Some parents are downright bad; and, as a matter of course, their children, with perhaps, now and then an exception, grow up to be just like their parents.

This does not mean that the little ones are the victims of "heredity;" that in their blood, before they are born, are the seeds which are inevitably to ripen into crime, and that they are criminals simply because their parents were criminals.

It simply means that they are criminals because of association with criminals; whereas had they associated with good people they would have grown up to be upright, honorable citizens.

Again, there are parents who, while they cannot be said to be criminals, are outrageously neglectful of their children's welfare.

They do not seem to care whether the children turn out well or ill. They never think to instruct them as to the paths in which they should walk, or should not walk. With lazy indifference they permit the children to grow up as they may, and oftentimes they grow up wrong.

With nothing to encourage or strengthen them at home the children go out into the world to become the easy prey of the designing ones who await them.

The evil association, which, with the right sort of home training would serve but as a spur to rectitude, becomes the ready means of a complete moral ruin.

In many homes, again, poverty, acute, grim, terrible, absolutely forces the children to crime.

At first the crimes are of a trivial nature, like petty larceny, perhaps; but gradually the nature is hardened and by and by the young person is a full-fledged criminal—a criminal against the original bent of his nature—a criminal, to start with, by the grim, stern logic of the necessity which "knows no law."

But it is the saloon which, according to this government publication is responsible for a large share of the crime that stains the country.

It is in the saloon that the young are debauched and made ready for their journey along the downward road that ends in physical, intellectual and moral death.

A future article will deal with "Crime and Its Cure."

The June Magazines.

The June number of Scribner's opens with an illustrated article by Edward Whimper, entitled "A New Playground in the New World." One of the most interesting articles of the month is contributed to this magazine by General John B. Gordon. It is entitled "Antietam and Chancellorsville," and in it General Gordon gives his personal experiences in those two famous engagements. There is the usual number of good stories.

The World's Work for June is, as usual, full of instructive and interesting articles, prominent among which may be mentioned a contribution from Mr. Andrew Carnegie on "The Secret of Business." There are several seasonable communications on the art of recreation.

The contents of the June Critic are mainly confined to literary articles of a timely and characteristic nature. In the leading paper, Miss Jeanette L. Gilder discusses two notable books, the recent Poe and Carlyle volumes. Following Miss Gilder's article is the third instalment of "College Professors Who Write," the present number being devoted to "Some Writers of the Princeton Faculty." Mr. Edwin M. Norris, in the course of an extended paper, discusses such men as President Wilson, Professor van Dyke, Professor Harper, Professor Wyckoff and other prominent figures at Princeton who have won their places in literature. The text is enlivened by numerous portraits and serves to continue with success an interesting series.

Books and Authors.

The New York Herald recently made a furious onslaught on Dr. Thomas Nelson Page's new book, "Gordon Keith," which is reviewed in this issue of The Times-Dispatch.

The Herald takes exception to a prominent character in Dr. Page's book, General Keith, a survival of the old South. It declares that he is too much like Dr. Page's other generals, and avows a general weariness of everything connected with the South. The hero of the book, General Keith's son, in the Herald's opinion, is "an unmitigated prig."

Henry Harland, the writer of the Cardinal's Snuff-Box and My Lady Paramount, will begin a story in the June McClure's called "My Friend Prospero." It is said to be a masterpiece of romance, with the scene laid in the mountains of Northern Italy.

The late Bishop Phillips Brooks used to say that biography was his favorite form of reading, and that he always began a good biography in the middle, reading sometimes forward and sometimes back. That was the way, he contended, that one made the acquaintance of people in real life.

It is reported that Meredith Nicholson, whose novel, "The Main Chance," is making the latest bid for popularity, is being talked of as a possible candidate for Mayor of Indianapolis.

John H. Whitson, author of "Barbara, a Woman of the West," was born in Seymour, Jackson county, Indiana, and was educated in the schools of that town. He was educated for the law, but afterwards went into journalism.

Anne Carmel, the heroine of Miss Gwendolen Overton's new story of the same name, lives with her mother and her older brother Jean in the Canadian village of St. Hilaire.